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WAR VERSE

BY

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By

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Lovingly Dedicated to
The Red Cross

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The Red Cross

BLEST Mother of Mercy with thy purpose divine,
Not only for me—for mine or for thine
Are thy labours of Love and thy heart's strong desire,
But, for all on this Earth in its agony dire.

Thou Composite Mother of all races and kin—
The white, black, and yellow are red 'neath the skin—
Though thy heart may be warmer for friend than for foe,
Thou givest the same service to the fiend lying low.

An angel of Mercy thou art; and a martyr beside;
The brutalized Boches have thee crucified.
May thy glorified spirit in Paradise sit
While their lost souls sink deep in the fathomless pit.

O, God of the Universe! Whence hast Thou fled?
Thou hast left us alone with our dying and dead;
And this Mother of Mercy to the lust of the foe—
To a fate far—far—worse than death here below.

Vain, vain! are our prayers—it is War to the knife—
It is Hell to the Hun, or Hell to all life!
Then let our guns roar and the gas vapours float
Till the Death siren sounds his last funeral note!

To the Soldier Boys of U. S. A.

Victorious Peace

ADVANCE! Advance!
On—on to France
Our mighty ships go speeding
In swift, mad haste
'Cross briny waste
U-menace all unheeding.

Thrice blessèd chance
To win in France
The last, decisive battle—
To pay our debt
To Lafayette
'Mid cannon's boom and rattle.

Strike hard and fast,
The hour is past
For truce or vacillation.
The "mailèd fist"
From Teuton wrist
Be severed by our Nation.

The unshrined dead
From ocean's bed
Stalk forth in pale battalions,
And martyred men
From mount and glen
File past in ghastly millions.

O, piteous sight!
O, woeful night!
But dawn of day is breaking.
To 'wakening souls
Life's tide up-rolls—
A world is in re-making.

With our allies
'Neath alien skies,
We'll make a fight all-glorious.
'Mid roar of guns
Our loyal sons
Shall win a PEACE VICTORIOUS.

O, blessèd chance
To win in France
The last, decisive battle.
And pay our debt
To Lafayette
With cannon's boom and rattle.

1918

At the Bar

HIGH up in the ether air-raiders wing free
Fierce corsairs are cruising deep down in the sea.
They are out after prey, it matters not where,
Not for fish of the sea or for fowl of the air.

No game can appease save their own human kind—
They are maddened with War—by blood are they blind.
Like devils they gloat in wild, ghoulish glee
As their victims sink under the pitiless sea.

O civilized man! hath thy science and skill—
Thy knowledge and culture—evolved but to kill?
Thy God-given intellect dominates space,
But the Spirit of Love is slain in the race.

Ye have mastered the sea—ye have conquered the air—
The secrets of Nature to ye are laid bare;
God's thunders are silenced—His lightnings concealed—
Mid the roar of thy guns and the flame of the field.

His armies celestial shrink blanching with fear
As thy demons invade their rarefied sphere.
Have ye in thine arrogance trespassed upon
The precincts conserved to the God-head alone?

Now, doth He in vengeance pit man against man?
It may be 'tis all a part of his plan
To rid this fair Earth of its burden of sin
That they fight to the death and neither foe win.

If this be thy purpose have mercy, dear God!
Smite all of Thy children with death-dealing rod.
Let Thou but ONE mortal escape Thy fell blow—
The Hell-Hun accursed, in this Hades of woe!

Indemnity

HEN give him the freedom of the ghastly
seas
A place in the blood-red sun
A throne whereon he may reign at ease
Over the WORLD that he has won!

1918

Song

A War-Time Pastoral

O SAY! have you seen on the White House green lawn
The flock of our shepherd all peacefully grazing?
Be it ewe, lamb, or ram, who cares a Potsdam!
But the sight is truly amazing.

Repeat

Be it ewe, lamb, or ram, who cares a Potsdam!
But the sight is truly amazing.

So let them graze on till the War it is won
And the wool on their backs fit for spinning
For it's up to us now to settle this row
And this may all help to the winning.

Repeat

For it's up to us now to settle this row
And this may all help to the winning.

Then let them graze on while we deal with the Hun
Until he's both sadder and wiser;
And it's now to the Navy to send him to Davy
And to scuttle the bunch with their Kaiser.

Repeat

And it's now to the Navy to send him to Davy
And to scuttle the bunch with their Kaiser.

1918.

The Reason Why

FAIR, young Melinda sat knitting a sock
Out in the sunshine upon a great rock.
Her swift flitting needles were all of a glitter
And a halo encircled the crown of the knitter.

She " purled " and she " heeled "—she " narrowed " and " toed, "
And finished it off in the very last mode.
With an air of finality mingled with pride
She smoothed out the sock on the rock by her side.

" But, where is its mate ? A pair there should be— "
With wet, smiling lashes she confided to me—
" A pair ? Sure, there is—and the mate—it is I,
The other is coming to me bye-and-bye,
For Jack lost a foot in the trenches, you see,
And now must stay home with his one sock and me."

1918.

The Shield of Love

'TWAS in a case of burnished gold—
He wore it o'er his heart.
The old, old story had been told—
Ne'er dreamed that they could part.

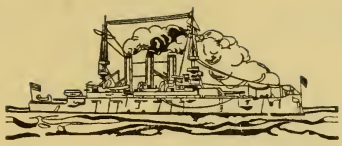
Then sudden came the " Color's Call "—
No man may disobey—
He leaves his home, his love, his all,
And speeds to War away.

She found him on the sodden field,
His life-tide ebbing fast.
The red cross on her arm revealed
Where she her fate had cast.

A smile illumed his white, wan face—
He seemed at peace and rest;
A bruised and battered golden case
Clasped tightly to his breast.

O, joy of Love! O, mighty power!
That saved him on the field,
For in the combat's mortal hour
Thy gage hath proved his shield!

1918.



To "Ours" Over the Sea

YANKEE Boys! you'll do your bit
On land, on sea, in sky,
Your women folk at home will knit
To keep their eyelids dry.
But more for this, dear Boys, that you
May wear their sweaters warm and new.
And socks and helmets, too, galore,
They're sending you the wild seas o'er.
Quick don them and go for the Huns
Like devils after hot-cross buns!

1918.

A Suggestion

THERE'LL be small use for crowns on this battered, old Earth—
Of Kingdoms and Empires there'll be a sad dearth,—
When Nation to Nation no more has to lend,
And this carnage inhuman at last has an end.
With royalty exiled, and thrones all to let,
Why not loot the crown jewels to help pay the War's debt?

1916.

Acrostic

The Patriot Irrepressible

THE dogs of war—a gruesome pack—
Hell-hounds of Huns—on human track—
Envenomed fangs and jaws stretched wide,
Oceans nor skies their course outstride.
Deluded all who thought to keep
Our great Republic from its sweep.
Rang out one voice in warning rare:—
" End this delay! Prepare! Prepare!!
Ruin and death lurk in the fate
Of them who idly watch and wait
On overt act until too late.
Sons four I give and a Legion fine,
Each man equipped to fall in line—"

(Deleted by censor)

Vetoed his plans by the sovereign will—
Enjoined from arms—that voice rings still.
Let them turn him down—tear his Legion to bits—
'Tis the " HEAD OF THE TABLE " where THEODORE sits.

U. S. A., 1917.

Eternal Balance

WISDOM and Folly went out one day
In a pleasure yacht to sail on the Bay;
Folly hoisted the sail to the fullest
extent—.
Wisdom reefed in, on safety intent.

Where e'er you sail,
To keep afloat
Take Wisdom with Folly
To balance the boat.

Hope and Despair walked forth at eve;
Despair sank exhausted, Hope touched her sleeve,—
" Come, farther advance, I see for the morrow
A sky blue and bright, with no cloud of sorrow."

Despair raised her head
From the cold, damp ground,
And her weight held young Hope
Within Reason's fair bound.

Joy and Sorrow sat side by side
Sorrow's wet lids by Joy were dried;
Joy laughed out in careless glee,
Sorrow gently child—" Give a thought to me."

Thus, a smile for a tear,
Though Justice sleeps,
A joy for a fear
The balance keeps.

Poverty and Wealth, though seeming no friends,
Each to the other pays dividends.
This thing is true—just give it a thought;
Nothing is sold but something is bought,
And nothing is lost but something is won
And good and evil parallel run.

Let pessimists groan,
And gloom as they will,
This planet of ours
Is well balanced still!

Ebb and Flow

WITH diapasons low and deep
The restless waters landward sweep;
Nor stay them till with crash and roar
They break upon the waiting shore.

"O, bring ye secrets from the sea?
Bear ye a message unto me?
Stay—stay one moment on the strand;
Make ye my soul to understand—"

Swift flung the strident billows back
Across the furrowed, saline track—
Back to their caverns in the deep—
Back to old ocean's wonder-keep.

Then swelled again their hollow rune—
Deep answered deep in rhythmic tune;
While hoary Neptune brandished free
His mighty trident o'er the sea.

"O, fatuous mortal on the shore,
In vain seek ye this guarded lore.
While Time shall be no man may know
The secret of life's ebb and flow!"

Prophecy

'TWAS the music of the spheres
Ever ringing in my ears,
And their harmonies divine
Forever keeping time,
Were the melodies I heard
In the singing of the bird—
In the soughing of the wind.

Through the sighing and the sobbing
Of the sad souls here on Earth—
Through the travail and the wailing
Of a truth nigh unto birth,
I heard a song celestial—
A note of Peace and Love—
To our fair Isle terrestrial—
Its messenger a dove.

GABRIELLE GRAY

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